

A Paper of Art and Literature.

NO. 21.

That, is what I heard, and like that are all those deformities, which inexperienced eyes have to

encounter in the wisely composed and colored paintings, full of foreshortenings, effects of perspective and strong contrasts of light and shade.

May my own humble confession prove to the dilettanti, that some of their most obstinate objections proceed from a want of correct understanding. And how can they ever come to an understanding with one another, if the same music, which affords to one the choicest delight, wounds the ear of another, and that all the more, the more correct and fine his ear? Does not the clearest and most euphonious harmony operate precisely so upon the primitive lovers of music, who have no conceptions of accords?

Does not my technical proof apply with equal exactness to all fugues? It refers especially to fugues with several subjects, to succinct imitation, to the contrapuntal style of BACH for example, and still more to that of MOZART in some of his works. The fugue-compositions of HANDEL and HAYDN are by far more popular; and if many hearers do not comprehend them just as it was intended, they can at least listen to them without too great repugnance.

Having pointed out what this style is with regard to its effect upon uncultivated ears, we must also inquire what it is in itself: what is its universal significance; what the advantages which it affords to the melodic style; and what its negative peculiarities which more than compensate the latter.

The difficulty and perhaps impossibility of giving a good definition of Music, was a cause of the greatest errors in the writers of the last century, who have treated it *ex professo*. According to the theory of Batteux, it was simply and solely an art of imitation, like poetry, painting and sculpture. This theory is untenable and absurd. In reality Music imitates nothing but measured tones; and since it is precisely the science of measured tones, it follows, that Music can imitate nothing but Music. This art has no deceptions, no illusions, no fictitious quantities, since in and for itself it is a *reality*. It exists in principle, altogether independently of all that is imitable, and hence cannot be reckoned among the imitative arts, whose existence depends upon the objects or the ideals, which they represent. Music corresponds to the various emotions of the soul, through an intimate and inexplicable analogy, as natural wonders correspond to it, since the harmonic law itself is one of these wonders. Can we say then, that sun, moon, stars, clouds, water, hills and trees are elements of an imitative art, which the Creator practices on a grand scale? Certainly not, and why? Because the scenes of nature show us not the image or copy of the inner man; they offer us the *equivalent*; something very similar and yet something essentially different. We feel the intimate and deep justice of this analogy, but we perceive as well, that the limits of the comparison would still exist in their special and independent reality, even if the comparison had not been made. Just so it is with Music.

Nay more! Every one knows, that besides the express and positive analogies, with which our art can deal, there is an infinite multitude of purely musical indications, which cannot be defined or analyzed in any language. But because they elude analysis, are they therefore less beautiful, less lofty or less deep, those indications, which Music more than any other art possesses, as if to compensate it for what it wants in the order of

rational acceptance? Precisely the contrary; the sense of Music is frequently the more sublime and deep, the less it admits of definition or translation.

This truth, which men in all ages must have felt, drove the theorists of the school of Aristotle and Batteux to extreme despair. And in fact, if Music be nothing but an imitative art, what is that, that imitates neither feeling nor object for which there is any definite expression in language? J. J. Rousseau removes the difficulty in a summary manner, altogether worthy of a musician who wrote in all his letters: *Harmony is a Gothic and barbarous invention*; which however is the faithful *resumé* and perfect logical result of his whole doctrine, in spite of the contradictions intermingled with it. According to him, that non-imitative music is limited "to the physical part of tones, and, since it only operates upon the sense, it cannot extend its impressions to the heart, but can only excite more or less agreeable sensations. Such is the music of songs, hymns, spiritual tunes, all tunes, which are nothing but melodious combinations, and especially every kind of music, which is merely harmonious." Church music forsooth is a mere physical enjoyment, and the theatre has monopolized to itself the whole of the moral element in our musical enjoyments! Rousseau moreover says: "If Music only paints through melody, and derives all its power from that, then it follows, that every kind of music, which is not *singable*, however harmonious it may be, is not imitative; and, since with its beautiful chords it can neither move nor paint, it soon fatigues the ear and leaves the heart cold. It follows further, that, in spite of the variety of voices, which the harmony has introduced and which is so very much abused in these times, the moment that two melodies are heard at once, they neutralize each other and remain ineffective, beautiful as they may have been singly." In these times, in the nineteenth century we no longer trouble ourselves to refute such absurdities. We may judge from the last sentence, with what an eye Rousseau regarded the Fugue, or with what an ear he heard it.

In Bach's country they thought very differently about it. The Kirnbergers, Märpurgs, Forkels and Kochs had the greatest veneration for the Fugue, which they regarded as the fairest masterpiece of the composer; and yet at the same time this unfortunate theory of the fine arts, which referred all to a single principle, a theory to which they equally clung and from which they could find no outlet, kept them imprisoned in a vicious circle. To harmonize their musical tastes and convictions, they were compelled to deduce theoretically an analogical sense, which justified their preference of the Fugue before all creations of musical art. Forkel undertook to establish this doctrine; his demonstration is too long to be given here; but it may be summed up in the following proposition: As an air or single melody expresses the feelings of an individual, so the Fugue, as the union of several melodies, expresses the emotions of a whole people at the announcement of a great event. But what is an individual in comparison with a whole people? These premises once settled, the inferences which the author would draw from them and which he develops *con amore*, follow of themselves: to wit, the superiority of the Fugue, as an expression of a universal feeling, to a melodic work, as an expression of an individual feeling.

Forkel is a different man from Rousseau. One always prizes him as a musician and a scholar, even when he is not of his opinion. Consequently we must answer: The first remark, which forces itself upon one on reading this definition of the Fugue, is that according to this the Fugue should be consigned to the sphere of theatrical music. A whole people set in motion by some great piece of news,—that is a drama. The remark is unavoidable, and it is also the main objection be brought against the writer. Were it true, that the vocal or instrumental Fugue exactly represented the expression of the feelings of a multitude, yielding itself up to a great public rejoicing or calamity, in other words the expression of an impassioned multitude, then should all opera choruses, since they have to express such situations, be written in the fugue style. Why is this almost never done? For a thousand reasons, which Forkel should have known, but which he would not see. When there is to be *passion* in music, what are the usual means of the composer? Either he makes use of an expressive declamation, or of the development of a melody, a period division, of which the Fugue does not admit; furthermore, of clear and energetic chords, which the Fugue is quite as little able to afford. Passion requires, that the musician should translate the words and let them be distinctly heard; but the Fugue does not translate the words; it swallows them up. Something *positive*, in short, is needed, and the Fugue in no wise lends itself to that. These are some of the most tangible distinctions with regard to the analogical sense, to which Forkel would refer it. No, in the Fugue there lies no image of the passions of the people. See how the people conduct in the finale to the first act of *Tito*. They send forth from time to time a heart rending cry, simple chords; but these chords crush one beneath the terrors of a hideous catastrophe; they make the blood curdle in one's veins; they take one's breath away, and never was a populace, called to play a part in a great event, more truly and sublimely represented in music. What would this chorus be, we ask, if the Romans mourned their misfortune according to the laws of a strict and regular fugue, (and it is of this alone that Forkel speaks), with leader and companion, (*dux and comes*), with answers and imitations, with Thesis and Arsis? Should we not be forced to suppose, that this methodical terror and this learned despair was something gotten up to order?

Our theatrical antipodes, I mean Rousseau and Forkel, would not have fallen into extremes equally far from the truth, if they had better understood the clear fundamental distinction between music *applied* and music *pure*. Every musical thought presents first of all a signification founded in itself, that is, a purely musical signification, without which the thought were no thought. Among these significations there are some susceptible of positive analogies; which reproduce the words, that is, the feeling or the image which these words convey; which express the moral effect, or imitate sensible objects, by means of the relation in which the phenomena of the outward world stand to those of the soul. That is the sphere of *applied* music, whose movement and developments are governed by the text, the action or the picture, which serves as the programme. Other significations on the contrary have little or no fitness for these sorts of imitation through analogy. If



then the composer has adopted some of these for the basis of his labor, the music no longer governs itself by the hints of a relative sense, a programme, or any other implied thought; but it moves on and governs itself solely according to its own intrinsic logic and fitness, according to the absolute sense of the musical thought, as melody and as harmony. And that is what we call *pure music*.

An example will illustrate this very great distinction, which exists between these two classes of composition. Of all the modes of application of our art, the most positive and the most extensive is that of the drama. Go through an excellent theatrical score, some opera of GLUCK's for instance; take away the text and the singers, and let it be heard by amateurs, who have no idea of its previous intention; and this music, on the stage so beautiful, so speaking, so expressive, so descriptive, will say little, and in that little there will be no order nor connection to be found. And yet the composer's thoughts remain untouched; there has been no alteration in the melody nor in the chords. "But the material effect," I shall be asked, "is *this* to count for nothing?" I count it much; but patience; here is a Quartet by MOZART, which shall be executed by the same instrumentists. So far as execution is concerned, the forces shall be equal. But is not every thing connected here, and flowing from its proper *motif*? Do not the thoughts blend in a stream of strictest logic and of most persuasive eloquence, together with the most exalted poetry? In this music do you miss the orchestra, the singers and the drama? Does it require an interpreter? Now then, since we are agreed in this, tell me what the Quartet means? Means! yes, I feel it certainly; but how to render it in words I know not. *It is not any thing that can be told.*

There could not be a better proof, that music has two sorts of value and of meaning: one relative and subject to fitnesses not properly founded upon the nature of the art; but the other absolute and purely musical. This idea, which I have endeavored to develop in the simplest and clearest words, serves to explain and to define the contrapuntal style in general and the Fugue in particular, and to justify its existence as well as its claim to the title of *pure music*.

[To be continued.]

[From the New York Tribune.]

### Grisi and Mario.

GIULIETTA GRISI, "the genius of lyric tragedy personified," as she is called in Paris, has actually arrived in the Baltic, and with her M. MARIO, the most eminent tenor of Europe, accompanied, too, by Mr. HACKETT, the manager—all ready to open the new operatic season at Castle Garden on the 4th of the next month. The arrival constitutes an era in the operatic history of this country. We have had charming vocalists like Jenny Lind and Alboni, and others hardly less known to fame; but supposing that Malibran was not ripened into a great artist when she began here her now long past pioneer operatic season, we have never had in this city a tragedian of overwhelming talent in the lyrical drama. Neither Jenny Lind nor Alboni had any claim to the first class dramatic merit, though their general intellectual quickness prevented them from being insipid as actresses. Madame Sontag likewise had a large stock of talent for the extremes of the drama, comedy and tragedy, as well as perfect vocalization. Any one, however, who has seen Madame Grisi in her characters of Norma, Semiramis, and Lucrezia, will recognize the statuesque

proportions of classic Greece, of Babylon, and of the middle ages,—the mythical heroisms which seem at first view impossible to the familiarities of contemporaneous life. With more than average fullness of figure, and thus suited to the visual requirements of a large theatre, with an Italian face, belonging to the classic age of sculptors, with a physique that has stood the storms of musical fatigues greater than those of the spoken drama,—for the notes of tragic song are many fold more prolonged and resonant than spoken words even in the tragedy of Shakespeare,—Madame Grisi appears and declaims on the stage like a statey representation of the Supplic or Homeric era.

Madame Grisi is a Milanese by birth. Niece to the celebrated vocalist Grassini, she is of a family already famous in the musical world. Like others of celebrity she began her career in Italy. Her first notable appearance was at the Scala Theatre, Milan. She sang with Madame Pasta, making her debut as Adalgisa to the Norma of that artist. Her progress from that was rapid, and she speedily made a European reputation. She passed the ordeal of Parisian criticism—her physical charms being admired equally with her musical attractions. It was said her arms, as she sweeps them in the Pythoness-like ecstasy of a Norma, are those that the Venus of Milo had lost.

When Bellini's muse was in the ascendant, he was chosen to write for the Parisian capital a new opera. In this he threw more orchestral detail than his other works possess, and he wrote especially for the greatest vocal quartet ever assembled in the history of music—Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache. The part of Elvira which he composed for Madame Grisi is a very dexterous amalgam of the simply declamatory and the florid. In the bravura traits nothing exceeds the difficult rapidities of execution, and the slow movements are large specimens of the purest Italian cantabile, worthy an intensified Boccherini, the great reformer of classic instrumental music, who taught all the others. The plot of this opera being very stupid, it required all the composer's art and the singer's skill to give it the immense popularity which it enjoys. Bellini died unable to give these vocalists another production. Since then Madame Grisi has appeared in several new characters. The most marked one is that of Lucrezia, by the lamented Donizetti. It is worthy of remark that Madame Grisi has chosen this opera in preference to all others for her debut. The public will doubtless find good reason in the choice when they hear it. The perfect knowledge which Donizetti had of the voice, displaying its amplest proportions with the least possible wear and tear—so different from some later modes of writing for it—makes his music the elect of singers, though he is the best-abused composer that ever lived. While the house rises in tumultuous applause at the finales of his acts, he has never been able to satisfy a certain class of critics, whom he never consulted. The splendid scenes in Lucrezia give large scope for Grisi's tragic powers; the climax of the first act shows how the simplest declamatory music from the hands of a genius, and duly interpreted by a Grisi, can electrify an audience. The trio—the poisoning trio, as it is called—containing superlative dramatic writing, will be found one of the finest pieces of Grisi's acting and declamation. In the winding-up death and fury scenes of the black drama, Grisi is superlatively fine. Nothing so large as mere acting has yet been seen in the feminine walk on the American stage. No such majestic figure and dramatic prowess; and all this, besides, musically displayed. The public who go to hear simply execution or vocalism will be better pleased in finding how the breadth of musico-tragic grandeur absorbs details, and the artist's delineation of the entire character claims the suffrages of the auditor.

When we regard such an artist as Madame Grisi, we are reminded of the origin of the drama—that of Greece, where the intoned voice in declamation, and the chorus in the interlude—required the grandest genius of literature to detail its subjects. The evanescent nature of the speaking voice in our Shakspearian tragedy often leaves

a longing for passionate interpretation, which is supplied by the sustained and melodic notes of the singing voice in musical tragedy derived from ancient times.

For a number of years Madame Grisi in her great characters has remained undisturbed by rivalry at Paris and London. The talents of Jenny Lind were of so different an order, never for a moment in dramatic *grandeur* bearing comparison with Madame Grisi, that the heroines of the latter—her Norma, Lucrezia, and Semiramis especially—have been without rival. When Grisi's name was mentioned in Paris or London in connection with the musically grandiose, competition was subdued at once.

We shall, having given *place aux dames*, say a word of Signor Mario. His voice was first discovered to be fine in the mess-room, and he quitted arms for arts. He made his first appearance at the *Academie*, singing with considerable success, and his after reputation being predicted. Taking a first rank after Rubini's retirement, he filled all the different tenor characters demanding rapidity of execution of the old Rossinian school, or the larger style of prolonged or simple declamation. His versatility is amply established by his equal success in Arturo in the *Puritani*, and Raoul in the *Huguenots*. His duel scene in the latter is one of the most successful specimens of the large style. In the duet of the fourth act of the same play he divides the honor with Madame Grisi. His voice is pure singing tenor, equal to the most delicate phraseology, and at the same time gifted with intensity. He is, besides, good-looking and dresses to a model.

These artists will appear on the fourth of next month, sustained by several others whom we shall have occasion to speak of. The orchestra has been elaborately chosen to accompany them worthily, and the chorus know their parts thoroughly. There is nothing in the way of accurate delineation in, all the vocal and instrumental requirements at least, of an opera.

### War and Music.

The London *Musical World* translates the following letter, communicated to the editor of the *Neue Wiener Musik Zeitung*.

"Kuschau, September, 1849.

"My Dear Friend: If these lines ever penetrate to you through the narrowly-watched Russian palisades of our town, which is now elevated to the dignity of a wooden fortress, you will be not a little astonished at their contents, for they contain neither the latest intelligence concerning the important military movements going forward, nor engrossing descriptions of the varied camp life here, but simply a few details on a very pleasing musical adventure.

"You are aware how fond I always was of playing the organ. Well, one morning, at early mass I had hardly finished the last note when an individual, who looked like a Russian general of high standing, addressed me very politely and requested: 'that I would repeat the last fugue by Bach in E minor.' 'I very much regret, your Excellency,' I said, in reply to this strange demand, 'that I can only fulfil your wish on condition of your honoring me with a visit at my own house.' 'I should have done so, without your friendly invitation,' he answered in a very courteous, though military tone. 'I am Adjutant-General Schilder, and am excessively fond of classical German music. During a year that I spent in the Caucasus, I have sadly missed the performances I used to hear every week in St. Petersburg. I stop one day in Kuschau—invite all the musicians of the place to meet me. Of course you are the organist?' On his learning that I was merely a dilettante, and son of the organist, he immediately got me to introduce him to my father. Bach was followed by Beethoven, Beethoven by Mozart, Mozart by Mendelssohn, and so on. Schilder revelled with delight in my father's fine musical library, and I could not make up my mind whether the General's taste or his memory was the more wonderful. He was perfectly well acquainted with the key and beginning of most classical quar-

lets for stringed instruments. The plan proposed by him was soon executed. Six Cossacks carried a fine piano, by Seuffert in Vienna, with all necessary adjuncts, to Schilder's lodgings, whither we all proceeded in the evening. In obedience to his wish, we began with Haydn's quartet in G (with the variations on the *Kaiserlied*—"God save the Emperor"); this was followed by others of the same description, diversified occasionally by piano pieces and songs. Our good-natured host listened with a perfect air of devotion. During the pauses, however, he snatched up the real Italian viola, and extemporized on it in a sterling and excellent manner; he also played on the piano-forte very well. The conversation became much merrier and more unconstrained than you would fancy, over a capital bowl of punch. The General's suite was composed of highly-educated German officers, and I remarked that several of them had studied the Hungarian language with great success.

"Schilder is in the prime of manhood; tall and strongly-knit. Since his wound, he supports himself on a stick. His whitened hair and thick moustache, however, form a contrast with his bearing and speech. His face is strongly marked and bony, while his quick eye and lofty forehead indicate as much intellect as energy. He speaks German quite as well as the officers of his suite. He was greatly pleased with the plaintive Hungarian national airs which I played him, and the stock of the music publishers here was immediately rifled and carried off to Russia. German and French papers of every shade were lying upon the table. The following day, Schilder paid us a visit, and thanked us heartily for the pleasure he had had the evening before. He could not tear himself away from the viola, but purchased it at a fair price."

MARY NOVELLO.—Died at Nice, in Sardinia, on the 28th of July, in the 67th year of her age, Mary Sabilla, the wife of Vincent Novello, the celebrated musical composer. She was an accomplished woman, a loving wife, an unfailing friend, and a devoted mother. Mrs. Novello was the author of some literary works of a high order of morality and instruction. She leaves many children, all of whom inherit some of her accomplishments, as well as her sweet angelic disposition. Among them may be mentioned Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, authoress of the *Concordance to Shakespeare*, and other works. The Countess Gigliucci, (Clara Novello), a lady of the most brilliant abilities as a vocalist; and Emma, the youngest of her daughters, a most accomplished amateur artist, who was fortunately with her mother when she died. Mr. and Mrs. Novello were both natives of England, but for the benefit of their health, had for some years selected the delicious climate of Nice for their residence.

Never, probably, was there a large family more closely bound together by the ties of mutual affection. The beautiful dedication to her mother of Mrs. Clarke's last new work, just published by the Appletons, will show the estimation in which she was held by her children. Her death will to them be a sad, a severe, an irreparable affliction, as they were just on the eve of setting out for Sardinia, to pay their annual visit to their beloved "Niobe," as they affectionately called her, when the news of her death reached them. Among her numerous friends was Charles Lamb, devotedly attached to the day of his death. The regrets of Leigh Hunt and others, will, we are sure, end only with their own lives. Of Mrs. Novello it may with truth be said,

"—ne'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed  
A purer spirit or more welcome shade." R. B.

### Minnelieder.

We live in an age of discoveries and recoveries. Every day some remains of the past are exhumed either in France or Germany. The following is a letter we have received from Elsenach, bearing date the 20th July:—

"A short time since a magnificent manuscript on vellum, ornamented with miniatures, was dis-

covered in the grand-ducal library at Jena. It contained a small collection of *Minnelieder* (songs of the *Minnesänger*, or troubadours of Germany) of the conclusion of the thirteenth and commencement of the fourteenth century, all unpublished, and all with the tunes noted down. After having ordered an exact copy to be made, the Grand Duke offered the original manuscript to the King of Prussia, who has always taken a great interest in these specimens of antique German poetry. His Royal Highness having expressed a wish to hear the *Minnelieder*, Professor Lilgenkrein, of the University of Jena, carefully revised the text, which is in the Swabian language, and Herr Stabe, music-director in the same University, wrote orchestral accompaniments, which in no way interfered with their original character. The *Minnelieder* were executed by a union of the Philharmonic societies of Elsenach and the neighborhood at the foot of the mountain on which stands the celebrated castle of Wartburg, where a poetical tournament took place in the year 1207, the most celebrated of the *Minnesänger* of the period being the competitors. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, with the Duchess of Orleans, honored the festival with their presence, and an immense concourse of spectators was attracted. Their Royal Highnesses expressed their entire satisfaction to Herr Stabe, and to the performers, about four hundred in number."

The verses of the *Minnesänger* are, without dispute, the most curious monuments existing of ancient German literature. The largest collection of *Minnelieder* is that which was made in the fourteenth century, by Rudger von Menesse, a senator of Zurich. A splendid manuscript copy of this exists in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. It contains about fifteen hundred *Lieder*, by one hundred and forty various authors.

Le Ménestrel.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### THE DYING MUSICIAN'S REQUEST.

While I am passing to the land of rest,  
Let music sweetly fall upon my ear;  
Then I shall feel that I am doubly blest,  
If harmony my dying senses cheer.

O grant me this: full many, many years  
Has Music been my theme of blissful joy,  
A solace when my soul was bathed in tears,  
A pleasure from the spring-time of a boy.

Break forth, sweet strains, as oft ye have before,  
When youth and health glowed on my sunny brow;  
Entrance me with your magic spell once more:  
I hear the tones—I'm dying happy now!

RINALDO.

### Grisi's Farewell in London.

[From the Times of Aug. 7th.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The farewell performances of Madame Grisi came to a close to-night with an entertainment for the benefit of that admirable and popular artist, consisting of one act from *Norma* and three acts from the *Huguenots*. The attraction has been unremitting; and often as the more favored operas have been given—such, for example, as *Lucrezia Borgia* and the two above mentioned—new crowds have flocked to the theatre. Those who had been before went again and again, and many who had never seen Grisi came in order to hear, once or twice at least, the most renowned dramatic singer of her time.

The operas in which Grisi has appeared during her present unusually short engagement having all been noticed in the order of representation, it is necessary to do little more than refer to them. The list comprises *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, the *Huguenots*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Favorita*. *Norma* had a double claim to take precedence; since, while the Druid priestess is acknowledged to be one of her greatest assumptions, it was in this tragic opera that Grisi first obtained an original part. Although she had previously sung at the theatres in Bologna and Florence, her real artistic debut may be said to have taken place at the Scala in Milan, where she was introduced to the public as Medora in an opera by Pacini entitled *Il Corsaro* (founded on Byron's *Corsair*). Her voice was fresh and beautiful, her appearance so prepossessing, and her reception so flattering, that Bellini, the composer, who was present, immediately gave her the music of Adalgisa to study. The now famous opera of *Norma* was produced shortly afterward, with Pasta as

Norma, Donzelli as Pollio, and Grisi as Adalgisa; its success, at first doubtful, was confirmed by subsequent performances, and it was played forty nights in the same season (the Carnival of 1832). Some years later, in Paris, Grisi first attempted *Norma*, and achieved so great a triumph that the part has ever since been associated with her name. She stepped at once, in short, on to the vacant throne of Pasta, which up to this time, although she has had many powerful antagonists, she has firmly maintained against them all. If in *Norma* Grisi may be said to have had rivals, and in the instance of her immediate predecessor, for whom the part was written, an equal—perhaps, we will not undertake to say it, a superior—in *Lucrezia Borgia*, (which she first played at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1840, on the occasion of Signor Mario's debut), she has never known a competitor. There have been "new readings" and old readings; but hers is the best reading. Her voice, her person, her peculiar gifts, indeed, both as singer and actress, are displayed in this gloomy and magnificent creation to the highest advantage; and it is no small compliment to her genius to add that she has done what no other has been able to effect entirely with the character; with great dramatic art, she has been able to soften down its most hideous features; the wicked prisoner, the faithless wife, the unprincipled lady, guilty beyond pardon, are almost forgotten in the depth of tender and passionate coloring which she throws into the scenes with Gennaro; and that marvellous solicitude for off-spring, found even in the most abandoned women, is brought out in so strong a light that though it may not relieve the sins, it at least raises pity for her sorrows. It is, therefore, not surprising that *Lucrezia* should so long have been Grisi's most popular part, and that in the series of her farewell performances it should have appeared the ofttest, and have drawn the largest audiences. Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and Leonora, in *La Favorita*, were both interesting, as remarkable illustrations of Grisi's success in the grand operas of the French school, which she only essayed within the last five years, which disclosed an unknown phase of her talent, constituted a new and final epoch in her brilliant career, and proved the versatility no less than the excellence of her endowments. Her *Norma*, in *Don Pasquale*, was recommendable for another reason. It reminded those who had witnessed the public efforts of Grisi in this country, from her first appearance until now, of certain graceful, spirited, and highly finished performances which showed her to be as truly genial in comedy as she was impressive and sublime in tragedy. One or two more of such characters might profitably have varied the series; and most of all acceptable would have been Rosina in the *Borbiere*. Thus, while the number of farewell performances was extended from twelve to twenty, the operas produced were confined to five. Among those not given, but most generally expected, and with reason, may be counted *Semiramide*, in which Grisi made her Paris debut on the 16th of October, 1832; *Ninetta* (*La Gazza Ladra*), which, in the spring of the following year, introduced her to a London audience; *Donna Anna*, one of her grandest, and *Desdemona*, one of her most womanly and beautiful impersonations. *Anna Bolena*, too, would have been unanimously welcome. It is useless, however, to say what might have been done. What was done was sufficiently gratifying; and they who saw Grisi for the last time will be able to say, not that they saw her in her decline, since of decline there was no symptom, but that they witnessed some of her finest performances when her powers were ripened and matured.

In the present instance she surpassed all previous efforts, and left the audience doubtful whether it could possibly be true that she was taking leave of them forever. The fact cannot be denied, that Grisi's attachment to the English public is as genuine and sincere as the attachment of the English public to herself, and that the moment of parting gave quite as much pain to the one as to the other—to the deserving artist, the woman of genius, who had never failed in the performance of her duty, as to those who so many years had appreciated, admired, and applauded her. At the end of *Norma*, which had been received throughout with enthusiasm, there was such a demonstration as it might have been imagined could not easily be exceeded in warmth and unanimity. Grisi was called forward again and again, the stage was covered with bouquets, and the applause was positively deafening. This alone would have been a leave-taking worth the remembrance of any artist, however popular. But after the *Huguenots*, which did not conclude till an hour past midnight, the previous exhibition was fairly cast into the shade. The last scene, including the famous duet between Valentine and Raoul, was magnificent; and Mario, as if to make the occasion more memorable, sang and acted with greater energy, tenderness, and dramatic power than he has displayed for years. The curtain fell amid thunders of applause, and when Grisi, in obedience to the universal summons, was led on by her accomplished partner, the plaudits were reiterated, and every lady flung her bouquet on the stage or in the orchestra. Again the two came forward and a repetition of the scene ensued. At last Grisi appeared alone, and this was the signal for a manifestation of public feeling probably never before addressed to a theatrical performer. The whole audience, in boxes, pit, and gallery, rose, as if by a simultaneous impulse; the house rang with cheers; handkerchiefs were waved in all directions; the members of the band joined in the ovation; and several minutes elapsed before the applause subsided, and the great artist, fairly overcome with so genial and unprecedented a reception, and vainly attempting to hide her emotions, could retire from the stage.



When she had gone another cheer was raised—a farewell cheer, symbolical of hearty good will for the success in the New World of one who had so long and so worthily exerted herself to entertain and delight the not ungrateful or unsympathetic public of “Old England.” It is likely that the evening of the 7th of July will be remembered—both by the artist who was thus honored, and the audience which thus expressed its sentiments of a long, an arduous, a conscientious, and a brilliant career—for many a long day.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 26, 1854.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.—Musical events come pouring in upon us like a freshet, after a long drought. First and foremost in interest for the whole country is the actual arrival of GRISI and MARIO in New York; their reception with the usual degree of awkward flunkey ceremony and enthusiasm; their installment in the St. Nicholas hotel, with all the impertinent newspaper chronicleings of their chamber furniture, &c.; and the announcement of their opening performance, with a good troupe and orchestra, it is said, and in the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Monday night, Sept. 4th, in Castle Garden. As Grisi and Mario are the topics, we have, notwithstanding former articles, placed on the preceding pages a characteristic appreciation, by our friend FRY of the *Tribune*, of the great lyric actress and of the music of his favorite composers, which she has illustrated; also a resume of her recent farewell engagement in London, and a description of her last night, from the *London Times*. The only ill omen for the success of Mr. *impresario* Hackett's enterprise lies in the rumor of high prices to be charged, namely from *three to five dollars*, for admission. Opera, it is said, never flourished without royal patronage. Here the people is the only king. Large houses, mass audiences, democratic prices, bringing the highest artistic entertainments within the reach of all, as part of their free and liberal culture in a republican atmosphere:—this, and this alone, can ever make the Opera a paying and a wholesome institution in our land, whatever may be thought of a few exceptional successes with the high price system. We are getting too much used to good things to be longer liable to these fever fits of fashionable, spendthrift enthusiasm about any “Angel,” “Queen” or “Diva.”

In this connection, therefore, we can turn with pleasure to another event, (of somewhat more local interest, to be sure), namely the completion of our spacious and splendid Boston Theatre, which also is to be opened on the 4th (but only with spoken drama for the present, we are sorry to say), but which sets out, if we are rightly informed, with making the uniform law of the *fifty cent* price a condition of its hospitality to all managers and companies of artists. Let this rule be but *rigidly adhered to*, and we regard the success of the new Theatre as certain.

The opening of the grand new Organ in our Tremont Temple, too, is an event of no small

importance to our musical prospects from this time forward. To this add an unexpected season of Italian Opera in the old Howard Athenæum (just to renew the memories of old enthusiasms, before we emigrate to new halls, with *Paulo majora canamus* for our motto), and the ten days' session of the “Musical Convention,” with its goodly display of fresh native musical resources, especially vocal, and its praiseworthy presentations, amid a medley of many things, of works of such magnitude as the 12th Mass of Mozart.

The promise, therefore, is abundant for the forthcoming musical season here in Boston, save in one important, and we may say central, particular. We are in the dark about an Orchestra! The GERMANIANS disbanded, and BERGMANN bespoken for Chicago, where is the hope of organization, where the leader about whom the materials, plentiful enough, may group themselves and be inspired to one high end? We trust our old MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY are studying this problem in good earnest. At all events, we doubt not that some good thing will turn up in time to meet a public want that has become imperative and permanent.

### The Italian Opera.

The quiet, unpretending arrival of the troupe now performing at the Howard Athenæum, with almost no preliminary trumpeting, was refreshing for the times we live in, and in itself disposed the candid hearer to be pleased. The company, we understood, had reached New York upon their way to California; but by some misunderstanding regarding the expenses of their passage thither, they were open to proposals from the lessee of the Athenæum. We have had better opera here, and we have had much worse. On the whole, judging from the second performance of *Ernani*, and from all that we have heard of the existing state of music in Italy, this troupe seems rather better than an average specimen of such opera as one hears in all but the very few best Italian theatres to-day; such a troupe, for instance, as may have supported our own Adelaide Phillips at her debut in Brescia.

The piece selected for the opening nights, *Ernani*, can never again, of course, have the fresh, exciting charm it had for us the first time we heard it in the same place, with Tedesco and Pirelli, and that well appointed Havana troupe, when Verdi's music seemed as strong and exhilarating as October air after the sultry languor of Donizetti and the sweet, sentimental sameness of the Bellini melody. Now that we know several of his operas, we are too conscious also of his mannerism. Yet there is vigor in *Ernani*, and the music contains many touches of a fine dramatic power. In the solemn orchestral chords which occur every time Ernani's pledge to Silva is referred to, we have an application of the very principle on which Richard Wagner relies for the peculiar effectiveness of his reformed style of opera, namely the use of the orchestra as an interpreter of characters and situations.

Any passable rendering of the opera should content one in this season, and where no very high pretensions had been put forth. We were

agreeably disappointed to find some points of positive excellence. The baritone, Signor CUTURI, is decidedly the best, with the single exception of BADIALLI, that we have ever had; indeed he constantly reminds you of him both in power and quality of voice, in figure and general bearing, and the emphatic warmth of his delivery. He is a much younger man, with less of the mature refinement of an artist, but in this character of Don Carlos would be a wonderfully good substitute for him at any time. A slight hoarseness on this second appearance could not veil his substantial merits, which won repeated plaudits through the evening.

Sig. SCOLA possesses rather a delicate tenor, with a fair degree of execution, and in spite of a very youthful and far from commanding presence bore the part of Ernani more successfully than we have several times witnessed it by Arnoldi, by Vietti and some others. Power was his chief want. Sig. LANZONI was a small and brisk Don Silva, young in every thing but gray locks and demure costume. His bass is rather dry and light, but true, and his rendering of his part faithful. On the whole the three principal male parts were creditably done. The Elvira of Signora GARBATO had great faults with some good and useful qualities. Her power of execution is considerable, but she constantly exaggerates in tone and manner, overdoing pathos till it touches no responsive fibre. Indeed she is a fair example of the false style of soprano singing which now reigns in Italy, and which is due to overforcing in the zeal to sing the Verdi music, whereby the voice runs out into extremes, of screaming high tones, and coarse and mannish low tones, while the middle shrinks and becomes more and more characterless and feeble. Welcome the recent signs of a return in Italy to Rossini and true singing!

As for the *ensemble*, it was far from perfect. The male chorus was rather noisily efficient; the female chorus timid and inaudible, and its weakness covered by the bold relief of the orchestral harmony. (We understand that several of the chorus singers have not yet recovered from the accident whereby the company literally tumbled into town.) The orchestra comprises about 25 resident and imported musicians, under the direction of Signor GARBATO, and is really one of the most efficient orchestras which we have had connected with Italian opera. Some of the concerted pieces, finales, &c., were quite effective; but there was frequently, of course, great lack of balance, and at times some rather grating discord. Many of these defects, we doubt not, will be remedied. On the whole the opera is much better than we had had reason to expect, and really good entertainment for this season of the year. If we had not been already blessed beyond the measure of most musical towns even in Italy itself, we should have deemed this quite a God-send.

### The Boston Musical Convention.

The managers of this movement evinced such childish sensitiveness, two years ago, to our very frank, but altogether friendly comments on its public exercises, that we thereafter ceased to watch its progress, lest our impartial presence might disturb the harmonies of so fine and delicate a sphere. It seemed that they required an atmosphere of most unqualified, unstinted praise as a prime condition of the pleasant and

successful working of their experiment: for, unless they could reign unquestioned as the all-wise masters and Panjandrums of all musical taste and science in the land, how could the native development of Music in America ever be expected to thrive? We accepted the lesson, and kept still, and only looked on from a distance. Meanwhile our interest in these popular teachers' classes and Conventions has not abated. With all their crudities and all their display of private interests and vanities, we have seen and still see much good working out of them. Their standard of taste and excellence, the quality of their public exhibitions, the aspirations and achievements of their more ardent and more gifted pupils, become higher year by year. Such solo singing as you may now hear in these Conventions, such classical and lofty works attempted, and with such success, and all by sons and daughters of the people, who have received their chief musical impulse from these organizations, are highly encouraging and beyond any hopes that any but a very sanguine music-lover could have indulged ten years since.

Our friends must pardon a little pleasantry in the above; for really we know not how to look with seriousness upon the queer relation in which we found ourselves placed, with the most innocent intention on our part, to persons so extremely sensitive to mild and well-meant criticism. We have not known, from that day to this, nor have we thought it worth while to inquire, in what particulars our altogether too kind and pains-taking report of the Convention of 1852, gave such offence. We only know, that the *Journal of Music* has enjoyed but little favor in that quarter, and that an absurd, factitious sort of "Native American" issue has been there raised against us; on what ground, we cannot guess, unless it be that we have not shown a sufficiently profound appreciation of the superiority of native "professors" to all foreign artists.

Shall we fare better in our present attempt to tell the pleasure that we had in listening, on Tuesday evening, in Tremont Temple, to a highly creditable performance, under the auspices of the Convention, (Mr. JOHNSON, one of its chiefs, being the conductor) of MOZART'S glorious TWELFTH MASS, with other miscellaneous selections, chiefly sacred?—There was a picked choir of a hundred voices, who sang the *tutti* portions with precision and effect,—more so than we have ever heard them sung in Boston; what is more, with not a little of that expressive light and shade, *diminuendo* and *crescendo*, &c., which are so rare a merit in a choral performance. The Mass was given in the Latin, and entire, with the exception only of the difficult fugue: *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, which it was perhaps quite wise to omit, and the *Agnus Dei*. As for the quartet of principals, it was remarkable for one composed of voices almost wholly new to the public. The soprano (Miss SMITH) has a clear, high, flexible, sweet voice, rather French in character, and executed the florid figures in the *Quoniam* and *Benedictus* with much ease and evenness, and with considerable expression. The contralto (Miss FITCH) was remarkably rich and fresh, filling out its portion of the harmony always satisfactorily, and opening the *Dona nobis* quite effectively. The tenor (Mr. FROST) was correct and smooth, but rather too prone to *falsetto*; the bass (Mr. UPHAM) had compass enough for that extraordinary solo in the

*Benedictus*, but of too dry and unelastic a character for such music, especially for the stately opening of the *Kyrie*. But it was a creditable effort on all hands. The splendid new organ, under the hands of Mr. J. H. WILLCOX, admirably supplied the place of an orchestra in the accompaniments, both by the grand volume and sonorous bass of the full organ, and the beauty of its solo stops, especially the swell, the prompt speaking of the trumpet, and the warm, Mozart-like coloring of the reeds, as in the exquisitely pastoral introduction to the *Benedictus*. It was played with rare skill, taste, and judgment. We are happy to learn this Mass will be again performed this evening.

The first part of the concert was miscellaneous. The duet from Rossini: *Quis est homo*, was executed with considerable skill and delicacy by Miss SMITH and Miss WHITEHOUSE. Their solos, too, were well performed. The contralto of the latter is of a remarkably mellow and pathetic quality, and her renderings chaste and expressive. Mr. FROST sang, *Deeper and deeper still*, with *Waft her Angels*, from Handel's *Jephthah*, in a manner evidently studied from Mr. Arthursen; and it is praise to say that he did not entirely fail in a recitative and air which demand the best powers, vocal and mental and spiritual, of a complete artist. There were some good oratorio choruses, and some organ pieces, namely, one for four hands, by Messrs. WILLCOX and DOWNES, from a chorus of Handel ("The horse and his rider"); the overture to *Fra Diavolo* (!), made very effective by Mr. WILLCOX'S masterly combination of the stops, and (on this being encored) the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, where again the trumpet stops told to rare advantage.

In our next number we propose to copy an analysis of the Twelfth Mass, by HOLMES, the author of the *Life of Mozart*, having already given a mere unprofessional description of our own in Vol. III. No. 20 of this Journal.

### The New Organ in the Tremont Temple.

It is not an easy matter to fully understand and estimate the merits and capacities of a great church Organ, built upon so large a scale, with all the modern improvements, as this last work of the Messrs. HOOK. It is like analyzing the composition of a grand orchestra, and without the aid of the eye, since most of the principal stops or instruments are almost never heard except in combination with others. Of the beauty or grandeur of the effect, when it is heard in various kinds of music, the power or sweetness, the brilliancy or pathos, a music-loving audience of course can judge, according to the character and variety of the compositions played, and the mastery and judgment of the player. And no one, at all familiar with the organs in our cities, could listen on that opening evening, of which we spoke last week, and on the subsequent occasions on which the organ has been used in the support of great choral music, or in various kinds of interludes, both classical and fanciful, without noting its superiority in several important points.

1. *Power and Largeness*.—This was felt to be surpassingly grand when the full organ was employed, as in accompanying the Handelian chorus sung by the members of Messrs. Baker and Johnson's Musical Convention; in the Chorale which opened and the brief Fugue of Bach's which closed the tasteful improvisation by Mr. WILLCOX; in the noble prelude and fugue of Bach, in C

minor, played by Mr. ZUNDEL of New York, who is a thorough master of the solid German school of organ-playing, although he necessarily was somewhat embarrassed in playing for the first time on an organ where the arrangement of the stops and pedals was somewhat novel; and in the grand chorus from Handel: "The Horse and his Rider," played with four hands by Messrs. WILLCOX and DOWNES of Hartford, one of the most satisfactory performances of the evening.

Here was a voluminous richness, fulness and solidity of harmony, which entirely filled and satisfied the ear. In the grandly vibrating, deep substructure of the basses, piled in octave below octave, you felt as it were the eternal foundations of harmony. We have heard nothing like those basses, especially when those deepest *Double Bourdon* (reed) tones of the pedal organ, (whose intervals the ear can scarce discriminate when sounded singly, so deep are they,) are brought in underneath the other basses to give them a new weight and firmness. Pile upon these the diapasons of the grand organ, which are remarkably rich and round and musical, (not verifying the usual charge of weakness brought against the diapasons of American organs); raised another octave in the *Principal*, and another in the *Fifteenth*; with the intermediate *Triad* harmonies, of *Twelfth*, and *Sesquialtera* and *Furniture* and *Mixture*, (the frequenter the higher you ascend into the sky-ey octaves,) and covered or balanced (so as to neutralize the discord incidental to such bold accessions of richness and power) by the *Trumpet*, *Clarion*, &c.: and we have here already, without estimating the reinforcements of the abridged or "Choir Organ," the Swell, the Solo Stops, &c., a vast orchestra of harmony at work, speaking at once throughout the compass of five octaves or more. The test of success here is that this mighty mass of tone shall sound rich, musical, well balanced, free from harshness and from the very common screaming of the upper stops. And this we think was noticed with peculiar satisfaction in this instrument.

2. *Balance* of the various parts, therefore, may be set down as one of the most important merits of this Organ. For this implies that all the separate tones are good, and that the foundation stops, the basses, diapasons, &c., must be large and solid, to sustain the inevitable brilliancy and outspokenness of some of those high stops, every note of which is armed with full chords, which it is a great art to balance and foreshorten to the vanishing proportions of the natural harmonics.

3. The beauty and efficiency of the *Swell* was a theme of general admiration. The Swell too, extends through the whole compass of the keyboard, from C to A in *alt*, nearly five octaves. Its pipes are beautifully voiced, and whether played alone, or to lend soft, swelling and dying harmony (like that of the breeze through pines), to solo stops, it was singularly expressive and soul-like.

4. The characteristic beauty of a great variety of *Solo Stops*, each closely imitating the instrument whose name it bears, was pleasantly illustrated by Mr. WILLCOX, who for a young organist possesses the art of tastefully varying the combinations of a great organ to an eminent degree, and whose connection with the establishment of the Messrs. Hook, made him perfectly familiar with the resources of this organ. The addition of an entire fourth manual for solo stops alone



places this organ by the side of the most modern improvements in Europe, while in this country it is alone in this particular, with the single exception of the organ lately built by Mr. Stanbridge in Philadelphia, and which, we are told, borrowed the idea from this. Among these "fancy stops," as they are called, we do not notice several that have been used, such as the *Vox humana*, &c., but we believe it provides under some name for every effect of the kind which is truly desirable, and excludes only what is characterless and over-fanciful.

In speaking of the solo stops we should mention also the very singing and dramatic style of the facile improvisations, that evening, of Mr. WARREN, organist of St. Paul's Church, Albany. This was not, like many other pieces in the purposely very miscellaneous programme, the strict organ style of music; it had nothing of the contrapuntal character, but only a singing melody with accompanying chords; yet it was quite effective in its way and won much applause. The object being to display the instrument, each player of course chose a separate task, and all styles had to come in play.

5. *Orchestral Effects.* An organ, like this, is indeed a sort of orchestra. Each of the 56 stops or registers is a distinct instrument. These, speaking through some 3500 pipes, and played upon by means of five distinct key-boards, four for the hands, or Manuals, and one for the feet, or Pedals, yield combinations only second in variety and brilliancy to those of the modern grand orchestra. In this respect the power of the new organ was triumphantly proved that evening by the performance of two overtures; that to *Zanetta*, by Mr. WILLCOX; and that to *Fra Diavolo*, in which the Swell and the Trumpet came well into play, by Mr. CROSS, a young and talented organist from Philadelphia, who brought out the orchestral phase of the organ with a brilliancy and effectiveness such as we have rarely heard. Here the mechanism of the instrument is thoroughly tested. The prompt speaking of the pipes, the sure and easy shifting of the stops, &c., are all-essential to such effects. As the player grasped the great handfuls of bold chords, he seemed to exult in the hearty responsiveness of the noble instrument, as a rider in the obedient motions of a noble courser. One of our oldest organ-builders was heard to say "he never knew an organ to behave itself so well upon its exhibition night."

And here we may as well conclude all we had to say about those opening performances. We should have been glad to hear more of our own city's organists; but opportunities for them will frequently occur. Some who were announced, did not arrive, or did not perform. In place of Mr. DARLEY, of St. Luke's, Philadelphia, his son, Mr. FRANK DARLEY, gave a pleasing selection from a new Cantata of his own. In such a miscellaneous programme there was of course some tediousness. In extemporizing at a new organ, to show all its powers, there is an unavoidable temptation to indulge at too great length, and to some sacrifice of unity. The true end of the occasion, however, was well answered, namely, to show the virtues of the organ, and to prove that we possess the ability in this country to produce most noble works in this sublime department of musical mechanics. The Messrs. Hook have truly an artistic feeling about their occupation; this has long made them eminent for the

fine voicing of their solo stops; it is now equally apparent in the harmonious balance and blending of all the powers of the largest organ in the United States.

We cannot profess any very intimate acquaintance with organs or with organ-making. We are neither organist nor organ-maker, and it requires both to fully judge an organ. In what we have said, therefore, we would be understood not to disparage other builders. We trust we shall be equally ready to appreciate their good works, whenever they shall be brought home to us as this has been. But let us conclude this article with one suggestion:

We have often lamented the lack of public opportunities for becoming acquainted with the great, the classical, the true music of the Organ. That opportunity is now afforded us in Boston, if our organists will only second our suggestion. It is that there shall be stated organ concerts, say one afternoon in every week, at which our various organists, who love their Art better than they love display, shall let us hear the Fugues and Choruses of Bach, and Handel, and Mendelssohn and Rink, and all the great ones. They will find their own interest in it, in the taste it will create for true organ music, and the appreciation for their own higher efforts. Let there be a very small price of admission, merely nominal, so as to cover expenses and keep out the disturbing loafers. Why will not Mr. WILLCOX, who has the charge of the Temple organ, and who has a true enthusiasm for his Art at once take the initiative, and provoke his brethren to this good work?

ALFRED JAEEL.—We have received a pleasant letter from our sparkling Pianist, dated Baden-Baden, who has been both hearing and making music in the German cities. One of the German papers speaks thus of a concert in which Jaell bore a distinguished part:

BAD-HAMBURG, 27th July. Madame ANNA DE LA GRANGE, *prima donna* from the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg, and Mr. ALFRED JAEEL, *pianist-compositeur*, gave a grand concert here before a fashionable and crowded audience. Both artists were recalled after each piece. Mr. Jaell's *Opuscle sur la ballade Anglaise* "Home sweet Home," created especial enthusiasm.

Our friend was next to go, by way of Leipzig and Vienna, to Trieste, his native city. He proposes to pass the months of September and October in Italy, and then commence a concert tour in Vienna, Leipzig, Brussels, &c., arriving in Paris by the first of January, there to remain until the first of May.

Jaell represents musical matters as being very dull in Europe. The greatest pleasure afforded him, by any new work, has been the hearing of Wagner's *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin*,—especially the latter, which he found "really grand, immense," although he heard it under bad direction, in Wisbaden, which, however, is one of the few places where the best kind of music is at least patronized. In Frankfurt Wagner's operas are not relished. Indeed our friend thinks that musical taste in Germany is not so great as many have supposed on this side of the Atlantic. If they are able sometimes to judge an artist at the first hearing better in Germany than in America, it is because operas and concerts there are given before select audiences of scarcely four or five hundred people, mostly artists and professionals (that is to say, "dead-heads"). especially on a first performance. Jaell finds his esteem for this country not at all diminished by what he finds in Germany, and is highly disgusted at the anti-American railings (everywhere reported) of Alboni.

Speaking of Wagner, Jaell has composed a fanta-

sia upon themes from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*, besides a nocturne which he calls "The Poet's Dream." He says he has heard the overture to *Tannhauser* played by many orchestras in Germany, but not once so well as by the "Germanians." What a pity if they disband!

LISTZ (says *La France Musicale*) has nearly finished a very important book upon the music of the Hungarians and Bohemians. It is to appear simultaneously in German, in French, and in Hungarian.

"ROSSINI: HIS LIFE AND WORKS," is the title of a volume just brought out by the brothers Messrs. Eschudier, authors of the *Theoretical and Historical Dictionary of Music*, at M. Dentu's, publisher and bookseller. This book, the most complete hitherto produced on the author of *Guillaume Tell*, is addressed both to musicians and the general reading public. It cannot fail to excite considerable curiosity in all classes, both on account of its original artistic appreciations and the numerous and interesting anecdotes with which it abounds.

Mad. Alboni is in London, without any immediate prospect of singing in public.

The programme of the forthcoming Triennial Musical Festival, which is to be held at Worcester in the first week in September, has now been decided upon. The engagements include Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Castellan, Miss Dalby, Mme. Viardot, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Sina Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Signor Gardoni, Herr Fornes, and Mr. Weiss, in the vocal department, and the band and chorus are to exceed three hundred performers. The oratorios to be performed entire at the Worcester Cathedral are the Messiah, Elijah, the Creation, and Last Judgment; and among the secular pieces to be given at the evening concerts at the College hall, are portions of Mendelssohn's Mid-summer Night's Dream, the Loreley fragment, and Weber's Oberon.

PARIS.—The Grand Opera re-opens on the 15th. The performance will be free to the public, and the opera *Robert le Diable*. Besides this, in honor of the Emperor's fête, a cantata will be executed, the music by Queen Hortense, and the words by M. Belmontet. It is said that Mad. Stolz will appear on the 17th inst., in *La Favorite*. The Théâtre Français closed last week, ostensibly for repairs, and like the Grand Opera, re-opens on the 15th inst., the public being admitted gratis to the performances, in honor of the Emperor's fête. A few days before the end of the season, M. S. Germain, who had previously played at the Odéon, made a successful debut in *Le Dépit Amoureux* and *La Famille Poisson*. M. Perrin is neglecting no measures which can tend to ensure the success of his new enterprise at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Mad. Ugalde is engaged, and M. and Mad. Meillet-Meyer are retained. As far as possible, M. Perrin is carrying out the arrangements entered into by M. Séveste, both with singers and composers. The new opera, written by M. Adolphe Adam for Mad. Marie Cabel, is in rehearsal, and M. Perrin has also sent for the opera of M. J. B. Wekerlin, which is already copied.

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